

THE NORTH YORK SENTINEL.

"NO PLACE SHOULD BE DEARER TO US THAN OUR OWN COUNTRY."

VOLUME 1.-NO. 28.

NEWMARKET, NORTH YORK, CANADA WEST, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1856.

PRICE—\$1 1-2 PER ANNUM.

DIRECTORY.

RAILROAD TIME, NEWMARKET.

For the information of our Subscribers we publish the Time Table of the Northern Railroad Passenger Trains leaving Newmarket, going both North and South:

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN:	
Going South:	8.30 A. M.
North:	5.20 P. M.
MAIL TRAIN:	
Going South:	7. P. M.
North:	8.30 A. M.

F. W. Butcher,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, Teacher of the Piano Forte and Melodion, Newmarket, C. W. 151

The "Merchants" Cheap Press,
Corner King and Queen Streets,
NEWMARKET.

Is the Establishment where parties can obtain any quantity of Printing done on the shortest notice and at the lowest rates.

FABRELL & JACQUES,
Printers, Despatch, &c.
Dec. 19, 1855.

Dr. Hackett,
PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c., Acacia, &c.,
Newmarket.

Misses McKinley,
MILLINERS AND DRESSMAKERS, Sharon,
Main door North of the Post Office.

MOORE'S HOTEL,
North Gwillimbury,
Half-way between the village of Holland Landing and Sutton.

Jan. 2, 1856.

John F. Innes,
ACCOUNTANT, Collector, Conveyancer, Land and General Agent, Commissioner, L. B. Bradford.

Millinery and Dress Making
Establishment,
Main Street, Newmarket.

MISS MAGUIRE
BEGS very respectfully to thank the Inhabitants of Newmarket and surrounding country, for the liberal patronage bestowed on her during the past year, whereby she is now enabled to purchase a stock of Goods of the best quality and

LATEST STYLE OF FASHION,
Far superior to anything she has kept hitherto. Miss M. solicits a call from her patrons and others before purchasing elsewhere, being confident that her assortment will meet with the approbation of all.

Miss M. has just opened a choice variety of American
Serge Bonnets, Silk Veils, Fancy Watered and Diamond Veillets, Hats, and Embroidered Satins, also a very great variety of Patterns, Flowers, Bonnet Shapes and Wares.

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of the latest style, well calculated to suit the taste of all. She will keep constantly on hand a good supply of mourning, Bonnets, Caps and Collars.

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Any person coming from a distance and choosing a Bonnet of any of the above mentioned Patterns, can have it made up any style in four hours from the time of ordering.

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TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

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22, Great St. James-st., Montreal.

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It will contain official lists of all the Patents granted at Washington, with their claims, besides notices of the most valuable new inventions for which patents have been issued.

Its contributors are men of acknowledged scientific attainments and extensive practical knowledge, so that all may read with only interest, but with profit and advantage.

The Inventor is published monthly. It contains thirty pages, illustrated with a large number of engravings, one year, with twelve parts, will form an elegant yearly volume of 360 pages.

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THE MONTREAL WITNESS,
Weekly Review & Family Newspaper.

The Witness is divided into the following departments: viz.—First page, News; second and third pages, articles selected from a great variety of the best English, American and Canadian papers—fourth and fifth pages, Editorial and communicated articles and paragraphs—sixth page, Mother's department, Young Men's department, and Agricultural department—seventh page, Miscellaneous, consisting of poetry, religious and useful articles and extracts—eighth page, Commercial article, prices current and advertisements.

The Canadian Review, a monthly paper, occupied with reviews of and extracts from New Books, and the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions, also a monthly paper, will both be sent, without charge to subscribers for the Montreal Witness.

The Witness is published on Wednesday morning in time for the early mails, and the price per annum is \$5.00. It is sent to the office strictly in advance, viz. Five copies will be sent to one address for \$5. All communications to be post-paid and addressed, **JOHN DOUGALL,**
Witness Office, Montreal.

Jan. 2, 1856.

THE PATH OF DUTY.

The path of duty is the way to glory:

He that walks it, only thirsting

For the right, and learns to deaden

Love of self, before his journey closes

He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting

Into glossy purple, which outtreads

All voluptuous garden-roses.

The path of duty is the way to glory:

He that ever following her commands

On with toil of heart, and knees and hands

Thro' the long gorge to the fair light has won

His path upward and prevailed,

Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled,

Are close upon the shining table-lands

To which our God himself is moon and sun.

Tennyson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Incident of Napoleon's War with Spain.

It was in the spring of 1808. Napoleon was prosecuting his vigorous victories in Spain, and adding fresh leaves to his already overgrown laurel crown.

Murat was in Madrid at the head of his troops. It was well known that Russia was at that time a strong friend of France.

Baron Stroganoff, the Russian Ambassador of Spain, was, therefore, on excellent terms with Murat, and was in the habit of listening to his schemes of war with a coolness of attention the natural result of his neutral position, which made him, on more than one occasion, an excellent and able counsellor.

The following example of a plan of his proposing affords also a case of as rare youthful heroism as ever fell to the lot of historians to describe.

Observing as they sat together one evening that Murat appeared perplexed, he inquired the reason.

A shadow passed over the fine countenance of Murat, as he replied, "I am indeed perplexed, and this time the evil is beyond our reach."

"You are not sure of that," replied the lively Russian, taking his cigar out of his mouth, "tell me what it is the matter."

"The 'Feathered King' as Murat was called in Italy, from his love of dress, moved uneasily in his round back armed chair.

"I am indeed perplexed," replied he, "The fact is, I have important despatches to send to General Junot, and the difficulties which lie in the way are insurmountable. All the roads, great and small, and even the woods are filled with Spanish troops and with worse with marauding guerrillas. I see no possible means of transmitting papers, and yet, my not doing so, may ensure consequences fatal to France."

The Russian ambassador put his cigar in his mouth again, and fell into a fit of musing.

Murat gazed in silence upon the ugly profile pictured on the wall by the light of a pair of tallow candles. Suddenly he said the ugly wide mouth open.

"I have it! I have it! the easiest thing in the world. Admiral Sinavin, our Admiral is in the port of Lisbon. Send me one of the bravest and sharpest, do you hear of your Polish Lancers. He shall put on a Russian uniform, I will give him despatches for Sinavin; you can give him instructions for the French General, verbally, and I will answer for it, all will be right, even though he should be taken prisoner, twenty times between here and Lisbon. The Spanish army is too anxious to preserve the Russian neutrality, to make a messenger of mine a source of disagreement with my country."

Murat though somewhat doubtful, liked the scheme. Seizing a pen and ink, he wrote as follows to Brinski the command-in-chief of the Polish troops who joined the French army:

"Despatches of moment are to be immediately forwarded to General Junot at Lisbon. Select for that purpose an intellectual and courageous young man from your troops, the best you have and send him to me."

Two days after a youth presented himself before Murat, for whom the Polish commander said he would answer with his life. He was but eighteen years and named Leckinski. Murat was not a little astonished to find the youth manifest the utmost eagerness to undertake this expedition, one of no common peril, for if discovered by the Spaniards his fate would be certain death. He listened with a smile to the explanation of danger and difficulty, and with a bow he said—

"If your imperial highness will give me orders I pledge myself to execute the mission. I am deeply grateful to my commander for having chosen me from among my companions. There was not one that was not conscious of the distinction."

Murat argued favourably of the young Pole's courage and intelligence. He gave him his verbal instructions. Baron Stroganoff supplied him with a bundle of interesting despatches to Admiral Sinavin. The young man was equipped in a Russian uniform and set out for Portugal on horseback.

During the first two days he pursued his course without molestation—but on the morning of the third day he was surrounded by a party of Spanish troops, who disarmed him and conducted him before the General in command of the military forces of the district. His name was Castanos.

Leckinski knew perfectly well he was lost if suspected to be an adherent of the French. Consequently he immediately resolved to confine himself entirely to Russian and German, which languages he spoke with facility. The angry imprecations of the troops who conducted him to Castanos, sufficiently convinced him of the fate that awaited him if his character and destination were made known. The horrible death of General Reine, who only a few weeks previous had perished in tortures for attempting to join Junot, might well have shaken his fortitude.

"Who are you?" asked the Spanish General, in French.

Leckinski looked at his interrogator and replied in German, "I do not understand."

General Castanos understood German but not wishing to occupy his own time with this business he called one of the officers of his staff and gave the matter over to him. The examination was continued. The young Pole gave his answers alternately in Russian and German, keeping himself most cautiously on his guard against dropping a single word of French. He had no easy part to play; for he was narrowly watched by a crowd of fierce Spaniards, thirsting for his blood, and betraying a savage eagerness that he might be found guilty; that was, declared to be in the employment of the French.

The furious excitement was increased and his safety much endangered by the circumstances which now occurred. An aid-de-camp of Castanos, who had been one of the most eager to declare him a French spy in disguise, rushed into the room, after a short absence, holding by the arm a peasant in a brown jacket and a high crowned hat surmounted by a high feather. Having contrived to force his way through the crowd, he confronted his companion with Leckinski.

"Look at that man!" said he, and then inform us if he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I would swear by my salvation, continued he, stamping his foot angrily to the ground.

The peasant for a moment gazed steadfastly at the young Pole. Then his dark eye kindled, and with a bitter expression of fury and hatred, he exclaimed:

"He is a Frenchman! he is a Frenchman!"

He then turned to the aide-de-camp and said: "Some weeks ago I went to Madrid with a load of hay for the barracks. The man is the one to whom I delivered the forage: he gave me a receipt for it. I stood behind him for a long time by the broken gate under the group of trees. When I saw him brought in to-day, I said to Antonio my brother-in-law, 'There is the Frenchman to whom I delivered forage.'"

"Let him be shot!" exclaimed a dozen unruly voices.

"Shoot him! shoot him!" echoed from the crowd assembled to look in at the windows at the "French spy."

"But," said an officer, it is prudent to expose ourselves to the risk of difficulties with Russia, thus hastily."

"Certainly not," replied another officer, "but let it be proved that the man is really a Russian."

Leckinski heard all this, for he understood Spanish. He was led out, and locked up in a dungeon.

At the time of his arrest, he had not tasted food since the afternoon of the preceding day, and when the prison door was locked upon him, eighteen hours had elapsed since he had partaken of any nourishment. Added to this the fatigue and anxiety he had suffered, and it is not a matter of surprise that he threw himself in a state of exhaustion on a mattress which lay on the ground and was soon asleep.

This being ascertained through a loop hole in the wall, one of the officers returned to his house.

His young and handsome wife was sitting on a yellow cushion, playing the guitar.

"Benita," said he, "We have, we think taken a French spy, but he pretends to be in the Russian service; that may be but mere pretence, nevertheless, we have not been able to make him betray himself in the least. Woman's art will sometimes avail where man's sagacity has failed; come with me to the guard-house."

In that country of faithless wives, duennas and intrigues, Benita loved her husband. Her guitar was immediately laid aside, her yellow cushion rolled away, her mantilla thrown over her black hair.

Arrived there the Spanish officer bade her look through the loop hole at the sleeping youth.

"I will wait here," he said, "do you go in with the lamp, and throwing the light suddenly upon his face awake him. When thus thrown off his guard listen to what he says, and watch his gestures."

Benita bowed her head in token of obedience. The jailer opened the door of the dungeon noiselessly, and she entered.

Leckinski had been asleep two hours when some one very softly approached his couch. It was Benita. A hand was laid before the flame of the lamp, to shade the glare from his eyes, and when the hand was withdrawn he felt a gentle tap on his shoulder, and a sweet toned voice uttered the words in French:

"Will you have some supper?"

Benita had a true woman's heart. She dreaded the idea of being necessary. His unprotected situation, his early years filled her heart with pity. Still she dared not disobey. As she spoke she grasped his wrist with a firmness which recalled his scattered senses as he awoke.

The young Pole, thus suddenly aroused from his slumbers by the glowing light, and the words of the young woman, accompanied by the tap on his shoulder, was about to forget himself when the tight pressure of his wrist by exciting his wonder, brought the circumstances of his situation clearly before him.

He raised himself quickly, and without opening his eyes asked in German—

"What do you say?"

"Send him some supper," exclaimed Castanos, upon hearing the result of his trial, "saddle his horse and let him continue his journey. He is no Frenchman. Now could he have kept on his mark when thus taken by surprise! this thing is impossible."

But Castanos did not exercise undivided authority. Leckinski's supper was sent to him, but he was not permitted to leave the dungeon until morning. He was then led to a place where he could behold the mutilated bodies of ten Frenchmen who had been caught and massacred by the Spanish peasantry. There for the space of several hours he was watched with eyes and ears to catch at any unguarded word or gesture.

"Gentlemen," said General Castanos to his brother officers, "I am as fully aware as you of the importance of preventing any communication of the different French com-

manders at present in Spain; but we cannot with justice, convict the young man upon the mere assertion of a peasant, who may be mistaken through resemblance, or misled by his fanatical patriotism."

It was a cheering relief to Leckinski to be led back to prison; although his mind was haunted by horrid images and melancholy forebodings, he nevertheless, fell a second time into a profound sleep.

Another snore was now laid for him. Amid the silence which prevailed in the dungeon, the door was again softly opened and the same harmonious voice which had addressed him the night previous said in a low tone—

"Rise and follow me—you are saved—your horse is waiting!"

But whilst Benita repeated by rote, in French the words she dare not refuse to utter, the same warning pressure of the wrist aroused his watchfulness.

Four cruel eyes were watching the dazed and set through a loop-hole on the wall.

They saw Benita—they heard the words—did these blood-thirsty Spanish officers—but Benita's address prevented him saying anything more.

"What do you say?"

On being informed of the result of this new temptation, Castanos urged his immediate liberation; he was again overruled.

In the morning the young Pole was conducted before a sort of court composed of the officers of the Castanos's staff. They addressed to him the severest threats, but firm in his resolution, he appeared not to understand one single word which they were saying. He enquired in German for an interpreter. One at last was produced.

He was then asked what was the object of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon.

He replied by producing the despatches from the Russian Ambassador to Admiral Sinavin, and his passport. And but for the unfortunate encounter with the peasant these proofs might have been satisfactory, but he was still the object of suspicion.

"Ask him," said the President of the Committee, "whether he is friendly to the Spaniards, since he is not a Frenchman?"

The interpreter translated the question.

"Yes, doubtless," replied Leckinski. "I love and respect the noble character of the Spaniards, and I wish your nation and mine were united."

"Colonel," said the interpreter, in French, "the prisoner says he hates us and he would like to see the whole nation united as one man, that he would like to see the whole nation united as one man, that he might annihilate it at a blow."

While these words were uttered the eyes of the whole assembly watched the prisoner's countenance, to see what effect would be produced by this new trick or rather snare. He stood perfectly unmoved.

"Gentlemen," said General Castanos, "It appears to me there is no ground of suspicion against this young man; and therefore he must be set at liberty, and allowed to pursue his journey immediately."

Accordingly his arms and despatches were restored to him, and the brave young Pole after passing through a series of trials which almost required superhuman strength and fortitude, and presence of mind, went on his way. He arrived safely in Lisbon, fulfilled his mission, and wished to return to Madrid, but Gen. Junot was glad to say refused to allow him to expose himself again to the dangers he had so miraculously escaped.

Leckinski never saw Benita again. But a feeling of gratitude to the lovely Spaniard never left him. Leckinski often told the story to his friends after his return to Poland, when the war was over.

A BACHELORS' PUZZLE.

When bachelors come are rolling fast,

May quick come up appear;

I oft have seen in shoes dead

Stay living souls of fire;

With care do you pursue these lines,

You will find them a question find;

Sweet is the question, mark it well,

Lady love, fare you well.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

This brings to mind things past,

Night and day brings all things on;

You sent a letter unto me,

May this to you an answer be.

A Royal Lesson.

During Her Majesty's residence some years ago at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, her children were accustomed to ramble along the sea shore. Now, it so happened on one occasion that the young Prince of Wales met a boy who had been gathering sea shells. He had got a basket full.

The young Prince, premiting upon his high position, thought himself privileged to do as he pleased with impunity. So without any notice he upset the basket and shells.

The poor lad was very indignant, and observed, "You do that again, and I'll lick you." "Put the shells into the basket," said the Prince, "and see if I don't." The shells were gathered up and put in the basket. "Now," said the lad, "touch 'em again old fellow, if you dare," whereupon the Prince again pitched over the shells. And the lad "pitched into him," and gave him such a licking as few Princes ever had.

His lip was cut open, his nose knocked considerably out of its perpendicular, and his eyes of a colour which might have well become the champion of a prize ring. His disfigured face could not long be concealed from his royal mother. She inquired the cause of his disfigurement. The Prince was silent, but at last confessed the truth. The poor boy was ordered before the Queen. He was asked to tell his story. He did so in a very straightforward manner. At its conclusion, turning to her child the Queen said: "You have been rightly served Sir. Had you not been sufficiently punished already, I should have punished you severely. When you commit a like offence I trust you will always receive a similar punishment."

Turning to the poor boy, she commanded his parents to be present the following morning. They came; and the result of

the interview was, that her Majesty told them she had made arrangements for educating and providing for their son, and she hoped he would make good use of the advantages that should be placed within his reach.

The Nurse and the Baby.

Windsor Castle was thrown into a bit of flutter last week on receipt of the following telegraphic despatches from the Tuilleries:

"The Emperor has forbidden the nurse to kiss the baby!"

Scarcely had the emotion of the castle subsided than a second dispatch was flashed on lightning wings to the following effect:

"The Emperor has forbidden the nurse to say 'catchy-catchy' to the Imperial infant."

A third despatch followed with all possible rapidity:

"The Emperor has forbidden the nurse to tickle the child of France, on pain of instant dismissal."

A fourth:

"The Emperor has forbidden the nurse at any period, to ride a cock-horse to the Prince Imperial under pain of banishment to Cayenne."

A fifth despatch:

"The Archbishop of Paris has been sent for to administer the oath to the wet-nurse; who vows she will not kiss the baby nor to kiss the baby."

A sixth despatch:

"The woman remains obdurate. A detachment of Chasseurs is drawn up in the court yard, but they failed to shake her."

A seventh despatch:

"His Imperial Highness is crying for the breast. His nurse weeps, but is inflexible."

"His Imperial Highness clenches his fists and his face grows as blue as the violets of La belle France."

"The Emperor commands the nurse to give the breast to the Imperial infant."

"The nurse refuses, and folding her arms, throws up her situation, unless allowed to salute his Imperial Highness, who grows blue and bluer."

"The father falters and the Empress melts!"

"The baby is given to the nurse, and one kiss per diem is graciously permitted."

—Punch.

Arrival of the "America."

HALIFAX, June 18.

The Royal Mail steamer America arrived here this morning for Boston. Dates from Liverpool are to the 5th.

The leading topic in England continued to be the difficulties between Great Britain and the United States. Nothing more than unofficial talk had been developed.

The London Journals had published with some show of authority that Mr. Dallas had been dismissed. The announcement had scarcely any effect on the funds. Business in American securities was limited, and prices had a drooping tendency.

The advices by the Atlantic had exercised a depressing influence on the Liverpool Cotton Market, and it had reached 1-16 a lb. per pound.

BREADSTUFFS.—A firm tone has prevailed; and in some descriptions of wheat, quotations show a slight advance on those of the previous Friday. In the provision market there had been some trifling fluctuations. Beef was unsettled. Pork rather lower. Lard quoted 6d. higher. London Money Market had undergone no change. Consols closed, Friday, 94 1/4.

Opinions of the French Press.

The seriousness of Mr. Pierce's resolution will not escape any one. The United States have their hand upon Central America. It is a far more serious infraction of the Clayton Bulwer than the doubtful infraction of which England is accused by the United States. Now that Walker's Government is recognized, there is no doubt that intemperate volunteers will leave New York and other parts of the United States to join and strengthen him. It is the beginning of the annexation. —La Presse.

If the United States recognize the government of which Walker is the soul, they inaugurate by that single fact toward Central America a policy of annexation which, for the first act, tears to pieces and throws to the wind the Clayton Bulwer treaty.

Besides this, that act brings before Europe and the world the question, it is well, if it is just, if it is prudent that the nation which extends at the North its empire from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to that of the Columbia, should also possess the countries watered by the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, and monopolize all the roads leading from the Atlantic to the Pacific, including the Isthmus of Panama.

"This subject, as can be seen, is of the greatest importance. Let us hope that it will in the time be the subject of serious investigation."

Niagara Election.

"When a government becomes its own accuser—when it openly and publicly admits, almost with a boast—its duplicity and want of principle, the veriest ministerial slave will not dare attempt to defend it against its own confession."

To carry a point, Mr. Receiver General Morrison has not scrupled to accuse himself and all his colleagues of duplicity and insincerity on the seat of government question. Nay, he actually makes a merit of it; and presents it as a reason why the Government should, in his person, be sustained by the electors of Niagara. This statement is so astounding that we hasten to give the words of the confession, as reported by the Niagara Mail, a strong supporter of the Receiver General. It occurred in the course of an election harangue and was intended to catch votes:

"With respect to the Seat of Government, Mr. Morrison felt satisfied notwithstanding the appropriation brought down pursuant to the resolution of the House, the

Government would never make the outlay and in short, no Parliamentary Buildings would be built in Quebec just as they had never been built in Toronto, notwithstanding a vote appropriating the money (60,000) had been passed two years ago."

Inquest.

For the North York Sentinel.

An inquest was held by Coroner Willson on the 23rd instant, in the Township of North Gwillimbury, on the body of William Price, who was found drowned in Lake Simcoe, near the shore in front of Sheppard Motors. It appears that the deceased went into the lake to bathe, and got into the water above his head, and not knowing how to swim, was suffocated and drowned. The verdict of the Jury was in accordance with the above statement.

Sharon, 24th June, 1856.

"BETTER AS THEY THAT MOURN."

His life hath been a pleasant flower,
But on a tender stem;
We're mourning o'er that fatal hour,
How frail the race of men.

Oh! secret unknown waters deep,
That took the stranger in,
Till o'er that fatal hour we weep,
But do not mourn for him.

His life was as the flowers that fade,
So William did decay,
An unseen early grave he made,
Beloved he's gone away.

And if his Parents soon shall hear
What these frail lives shall tell,
See Father and Mother dear
I bid a long farewell.

My little school no more to see,
Nor teach these plants to grow—
Dear little ones now mourn for me
That's in the grave below.

Oh! how I loved with you to meet,
For I and you were one;
Your little lessons to repeat,
I loved to hear your tongue.

My quiet home and place of rest
I bid farewell to you,
And oh! may all my friends be blest
For they were not a few.

That pleasant Lake I looked upon
Below a shining sun,
From you young William's dead and gone,
Nep to your shore to come.

I rode upon the watery deep
As I had done before,
But oh! I bowed my head in sleep,
To rise to life no more.

Written at the request of the Coroner, who held the inquest on the body of the deceased and deceased William Price, by
D. WILSON.

MARKETS.

NEWMARKET, June 25, 1856.

WHEAT, 85 @ 86 1/2 barrel.
FLOUR, 55 @ 56 1/2 barrel.
BROWN WHEAT, 85 @ 86 1/2 bushel.
OATS, 10 @ 11.
PEAS, 24 @ 25.
PORK, 87 @ 88 1/2.
BUTTER, 75 @ 76 1/2.
EGGS, 75 @ 76 1/2 dozen.
POTATOES, 24 @ 25.
HAY, 10 @ 11 1/2 ton.
CORN, 10 @ 11 1/2 bushel.

Toronto, June 25, 1856.
WHEAT, 85 @ 86 1/2 barrel.
FLOUR, 55 @ 56 1/2 barrel.
BROWN WHEAT, 85 @ 86 1/2 bushel.
OATS, 10 @ 11.
PEAS, 24 @ 25.
PORK, 87 @ 88 1/2.
BUTTER, 75 @ 76 1/2.
EGGS, 75 @ 76 1/2 dozen.
POTATOES, 24 @ 25.
HAY, 10 @ 11 1/2 ton.
CORN, 10 @ 11 1/2 bushel.

New York, June 25, 1856.
WHEAT, 85 @ 86 1/2 barrel.
FLOUR, 55 @ 56 1/2 barrel.
BROWN WHEAT, 85 @ 86 1/2 bushel.
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FARMERS READ THIS!

AND THINK TWICE
Before Purchasing Elsewhere.

The cheapest Grocery in Newmarket is
Charles J. Burnie's.

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE MR. JAMES FORBES'S HOTEL,
Where you will find the best selected and
most varied

STOCK OF GROCERIES

Kept by any one north of Toronto, such as:
Teas, Sugars, Coffee,
Tobacco (Plug & fine cut),
Barley, Rice, Oatmeal,
Nuts, Oranges,
Pepper Sauce,
Bottled Pickles,
Soda Biscuits,
Cheese, Crackers,
Baking Powder,
Soup, Candles,
And every description of Spices.

Which articles having been purchased on
the most advantageous terms, cannot be
surpassed as to quality and lowness of price.

All kinds of Farm Produce, Paper
Rags, and Sheep Skins, taken in exchange.

Also Cloth, Satinets,
Tweeds, Flannels (Plain
White & Fancy),
Blankets,
And other articles of Home Manufacture given in
exchange for

WOOL,
AND THE
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE
Allowed for the same.

CHAS. J. BURNIE.
Newmarket, 2nd June, 1856.

NEWMARKET FACTORY.

WOOL! WOOL!
THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the
public that he has taken a lease of the
NEWMARKET WOOLLEN FACTORY,
And purchased the Stock in Trade, Notes,
and Accounts, of Mr. Sandford Torry, the
late Lessee, and that he has assumed and
will pay all the debts of the said Sandford
Torry, contracted on account of said Factory,
and have appointed Mr. W. A. CLARKE, of
Newmarket, as his sole Agent and Manager
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URIAL TORRY.
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BIBLE DEPOSITORY.

BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS can be
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to Thomas Nixon, at the Bible De-
pository, opposite Hewitt's Hotel Newmar-
ket.

April 8, 1856.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

THE Undersigned having commenced
the above business, lately carried on
by Mr. W. Wallis, would solicit the patron-
age of all those wishing to purchase
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,
as he intends to sell as
CHEAP IF NOT CHEAPER,
than any similar establishment in Newmar-
ket. The work being executed under his
own eye he will warrant it to be of a sub-

